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Billets and Bullets

OF



DIVISION

CARTOONS AND RAGTIME

—BY—

Don Palmer — Jack Koons

DIVISION OBSERVERS

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By Jack Koons

To replace lost copy
May 29/25





Dedicated to the Mother of Every Soldier
in the Thirty-Seventh Division



Chronology of Thirty-Seventh Division

Assembled at Camp Willis, Columbus, Ohio	July,	1916
To Mexican Border and Rio Grande	August,	1916
Returned to Ohio	March,	1917
War against Germany	April	6, 1917
Mobilized at home armories	During summer	
First units at Camp Sheridan, Alabama	August,	1917
Governor Cox visits Division	Christmas,	1917
Division goes to Camp Lee, Virginia	May	21, 1918
Last lap in United States to Hoboken, N. J.	June	12, 1918
Board Steamer Leviathan (Vaterland)	June	13, 1918
Move out of harbor	June	15, 1918
Brest, France	June	22, 1918
In Italian railroad coaches	June	25, 1918
Arrived Bourmont area	June	27, 1918
In freight cars	July	20, 1918
Arrived Baccarat area	July	21, 1918
Left Baccarat	September	17, 1918
Arrived Robert Espagne area	September	18, 1918
Left in trucks and marching	September	20, 1918
Arrived Recicourt area, Verdun salient	September	21, 1918
"Over the Top" at Mountfaucon	September	26, 1918
Advance 'til relieved	October	1, 1918
At Pagney sur Meuse area	October	4, 1918
Left Pagney sur Meuse in truck train	October	6, 1918
In St. Mihiel	October	7, 1918
In trenches until	October	18, 1918
To Pagney sur Meuse, leaving on train	October	19, 1918
Northward through France and Belgium to Ypres	October	21, 1918
To Hoogdele area	October	22, 1918
Lichtervelde area	October	26, 1918
Muelbeke area	October	28, 1918
Denterghem area	October	30, 1918
"Over the Top" from Lys River	October	31, 1918
Drove through to Escaut (Scheldt) River	November	3, 1918
Relieved and returned to Thielt area	November	4, 1918
Advanced again to Syngem on Escaut River	November	9, 1918
"Over the Top" across river	November	10, 1918
Armistice found men in trenches	November	11, 1918
Moving toward German border to Leeuwergem area	November	18, 1918
Returned to Deynze	November	21, 1918
Oostroosbeke area	November	22, 1918
Hoogdele area again	December	4, 1918
Roussenbrugge area	December	5, 1918
Hoondschoote area	December	7, 1918
Wormhoudt area (back in France)	December	17, 1918
Christmas and New Years in Wormhoudt.		
Boarded trains at Esquelbecq	January	9, 1919
Arrived Alencon area	January	11, 1919
Review before General John J. Pershing	January	28, 1919

OFF TO THE FRONT





History—Made by Ohioans

On April 6, 1917, the United States rose up on its hind heels and prepared to smite the Hapsburgs and Hohenzollerns the knockout blow. At that time members of the Ohio National Guard were gargling dust, from the Rio Grande valley, from their throats and preparing to lead the peaceful life. The call for volunteers found so many responses in the Buckeye State that Ohio was selected as one of the four states in the Union to supply an entire National Guard Division for the world's war. This was the 37th Division.

During the month of August, 1917, the first contingents moved to Camp Sheridan, near Montgomery, Ala. Southern hospitality inspected the northern lads carefully and then Montgomerians opened their hearts and front doors to the Ohio boys. Many a "dough boy" decorated the front verandas of Alabama homes during the nine months spent in intensive training on the sandy drill fields of Camp Sheridan.

In the southern cantonment the division was under the command of Major General Charles G. Treat, Brigadier General Joseph Gaston, Brigadier General William Smith and finally by Major General Charles S. Farnsworth who led the Division victoriously through the battle fields of western France and Belgium. It was under his leadership that the Division received the commendation of French generals, the praise of King Albert of Belgium and the gratitude of the Allied nations.

Following long months of training at Camp Sheridan the Division moved to Camp Lee, near Petersburg, Virginia, early in the month of June 1918. Here final preparations were made for the entrance into the great war. "Over seas" equipment was given the men and on the afternoon of June 12, the first train load of Ohio men moved from the camp and proceeded to Hoboken, New Jersey, where they boarded the steamer *Leviathan*, formerly the German boat *Vaterland*. On the morning of June 15, the advance echelon of the division sailed.

Convoyed by destroyers and cruisers the transports carrying the 37th Division passed through the "danger zone" without sighting a submarine and early in the morning of June 22, the transports moved slowly into the harbor at Brest, France.

Here in great stone barracks the men enjoyed a brief rest. The hills of Brittany in which the rest camp was located had at one time been the camping ground for Julius Caesar, back in the crumbling ages. Four days later the men marched to a railroad siding where third class Italian coaches awaited them. Thus began their first trip toward the trenches. In the three-day and two-night ride that followed the Division passed through Morlaix, Guingamp, Briec, Rennes, Laval, Le Mans, Tours, Bourges, Nevers, Beaune, Ish-sur-tille and Dijon to Bourmont, a tiny hamlet clinging on the top of a great, bald mountain. Here the Division was mobilized for its first trip into the trenches, never to leave again except to travel to different sectors, until the morning of November 11, 1918, when peace came to the world once more.

In this area the 145th Infantry was commanded by Colonel S. B. Stanberry, the 146th Infantry by Colonel Robert Hubler; the 147th Infantry by Colonel F. W. Galbraith, Jr., and the 148th Infantry by Colonel G. W. Stewart. Brigadier General Charles X. Zimmerman commanded the 73rd Brigade and Brigadier General William Jackson the 74th Brigade. Plans were made for an extensive training schedule but the Division was slated for immediate service and on July 24, Ohioans entered the trenches in the Baccarat sector, relieving the 77th (New York) National Army Division. This sector in the Alsace-Lorraine salient was in the Vosge district and in comparison to other portions of the line, was a quiet one. However, it was here the men received their baptism of fire. Machine guns and high explosive shells screeched through the air. Enemy airmen swooped through the night and bombs rocked the earth—but not the hearts of the men in the Fighting 37th. Just inside the German lines Rougemont towered, the snowy peak shadowing both lines of trenches.

Within the American lines were the villages of Ancerville, Neuville, Pexxone, Badonviller, Fenneviller, and Neuf Maison. Here with the Infantry regiments the 134th, 135th and 136th Machine Gun Battalions entered the trenches and began to write the first lines of the history of Ohio's part in the conflict. Inside the German lines were the towns of Cirey, Tanconville, Fremonville, Foulcrey, Blamont and Igney. Neuville, a dead city for more than four years, lay in No Man's Land. Midnight



"Remember the day you landed at Brest? As you marched thru the streets Little Miss France, Junior, clung to your hand, so proud of her first American sweetheart."

patrols met on the streets of the city. Prisoners were taken and combats engaged in in the very church yard. The Baccarat sector gradually grew to be "home" to the men. Scouts and Observers were familiar with the German stronghold to the depth of eighteen miles. Until September 15, the Ohioans stung and harassed the Landwehr troops who opposed them. It was in the Baccarat sector that the first gas projector attack was "laid down," striking terror to the hearts of the helmeted Germans who knew nothing of the arrivals of Americans on the front line.

Upon that date the Division entrained in box cars, moving



“MOUNTFAUCON”

northward through Toul and Nancy to Robert Espagne. After a rest of two days the men moved forward by truck and on foot to Recicourt, near Verdun. Here the 37th Division prepared for their first trip “over the top” in a concentrated attack. This attack was made famous through the capture of Montfaucon, held by the Germans for four years, an invulnerable spot on the western front. It was from an Observation Post in

Mountfaucon that the German Crown Prince viewed and directed the attack against Verdun.

Upon the night of September 22 the Buckeye boys moved forward into the lines directly in front of Mt. Hermont. Here the division earned the nickname of “Spearheads” and “Shock Troops,” for being able to start a drive and carry on and on until all objectives had been reached and captured. Avocourt, a demolished French village, lay in No Man’s Land. It had been turned over and over by constant shell fire. Grass had been burned and leaves scorched from trees by many gas attacks. High explosive shells had splintered gigantic tree trunks. Mud lay six inches deep on the roads and movement, wherever possible, was along miles and miles of duck boards.

Just before dusk on the night of September 25, the men began to enter the trenches. Blankets, overcoats, packs and all unnecessary equipment was piled in large salvage heaps. Behind the lines, crouched beneath leafy screens of camouflage was the artillery. At 10:25 o’clock the first gun spoke and all along the line great splotches of red seared the sky and the boom, screech and crack of the gigantic pieces echoed and re-echoed through the hills. Far across the landscape, rising from the plain and standing out upon the horizon was Montfaucon. The white walls of the city could be seen distinctly in the daytime. A church steeple, long ago deserted by worshipers, stood, a vacant monument to the ravages of the foe. In the advance against Montfaucon it was necessary to advance approximately 12 kilometers, through two dense woods, a marshy land, up a



“OBSERVATION POST”



sharp slope, another plain and then a sharp ascent into the town. It was later learned that a German Division Headquarters was located in the town.

Patrols advanced into No Man's Land as the artillery cut away barbed wire entanglements. The great guns rose into a rumble and death rode through the night on shells—bound toward Germany. At 2:25 o'clock in the morning of September 26 the barrage rose and thundered in volume. Like the roll of a mighty drum the sound could be heard for more than a hundred miles. At 5:05 o'clock the barrage rested on the German front lines—rested there for twenty-five minutes, cutting forests to the ground and demoralizing the enemy who fled into the deepest dugouts. At 5:30 o'clock, the zero hour, the boys from Ohio went over the top. Every county and village in the states was represented in that attack.

On and on they went. Machine gun nests, carefully camouflaged with the hellishness shown only by the German, were discovered and destroyed. Here and there in the woodland Hun snipers were busy—but not for long. Men fell by the wayside in agony, refused assistance from comrades and urged the men to go forward. That was the true Ohio spirit. The spirit that drove the Germans back mile after mile, that resulted in the capture of not only Montfaucon, twenty-four hours later, but Cierges and Ivoiry. These towns had been held by the Germans for four long years and were wrested away and liberated by Ohioans in forty-eight hours. In the prisoner cage were huddled approximately 1,100 prisoners, many officers among them.

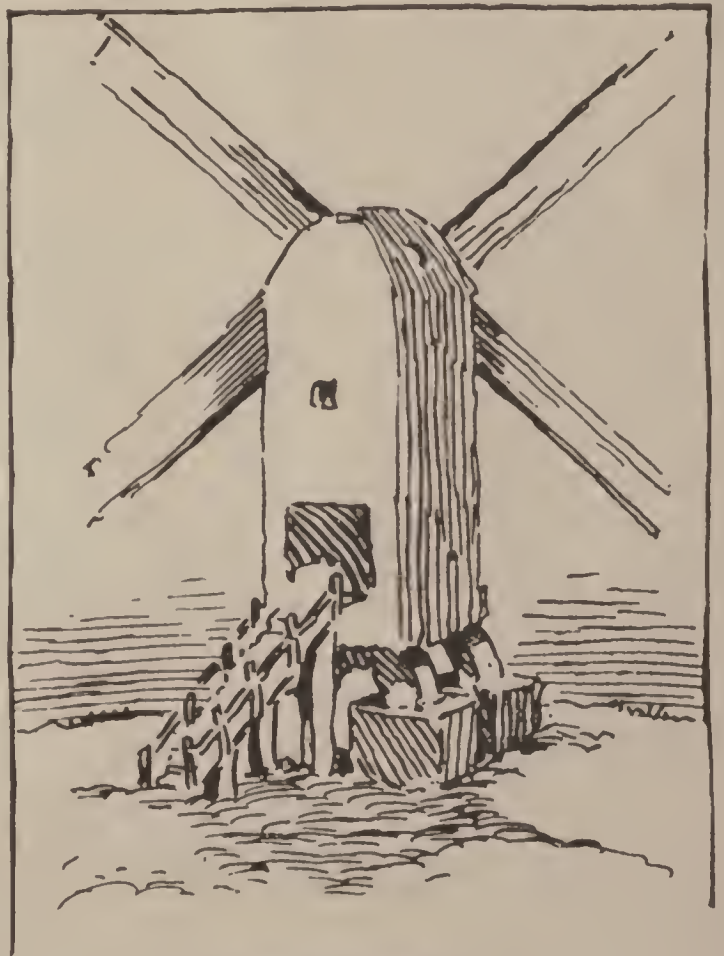
Relief came to the tired, fighting crew on September 30. Back they came a laughing, joking, dirty, sleepy division of fighting men—no longer boys. Behind them, buried in the fields of eastern France, slept those sons of Ohio who had given their lives, their all.

Here and there in the war scarred meadows, mid the tangled poppy blossoms, rise wooden crosses, each bearing the name of the soldier laddy who fell in that deadly onslaught. O'er each grave Chaplains of the different organizations stood with bared heads and prayed for the boy—and the mothers and fathers back home—and for peace, but a peace with victory. France will never forget the graves of those heroes whose lives were given that France and the world might live in peace and the year of 1919 might be a year of peacefulness and prosperity to all.

When the Ohio men went forward and captured Montfaucon they attacked one of the most strongly fortified sectors on the western front. The division was the central one of a massed attack and formed "the point of an arrow" in pressing forward. The capture of this territory liberated a railroad running between Metz and Verdun so that transportation was resumed for the first time in four years. During that time it was always under shell fire. Trains were in operation within forty-eight hours after the capture of Montfaucon.

Long will the men remember the horror and suffering during the drive. The fighting continued during a heavy downpour of rain that turned roads into quagmires. Artillery cassions and ammunition wagons, supply trains and trucks were bogged but there was no delay. If vehicles blocked the road they were rolled from the road. Members of 112th Engineers were on hand to build bridges over great holes where mines had been exploded by the Germans in their retreat.

On October 3, 1918, the morning sun rose to find the division on the move again. Always on the alert the Division was never idle. When not actually in the fighting line the Division was



"FLANDERS"

EATING IN OTHER PEOPLE'S HOUSES OVER
THERE HAS BEEN POPULAR



hastening to some sector where the fighting was to be found. At Pagney sur Meuse, near Chaumont, a brief rest was allowed. Then, in motor trucks driven by Hindu Chinese and on foot, the men moved to the St. Mihiel sector and took over the trenches near Hattonchattel and Euvezin, near Mt. Sect.



Here the French climate of weeping skies endeavored to dishearten the men. The Germans added ton after ton of gas shells to the discomfort and it made the Ohioans fighting mad. Midnight raids on the enemy trenches were frequent and soon brought the Boche to realize that they were dealing with men filled with the same stuff that made their ancestors famous in '76. Here the Division remained until October 20, when it was withdrawn again for a greater honor, and the men returned to Pagney sur Meuse.

At this point all equipment that was not absolutely necessary was salvaged. Travel rations and "iron rations" were re-issued. On the night of October 21, 1918, at 11 o'clock, the men boarded their respective box cars and the wheels began to clickety-click northward. Word was passed along the train, with the utmost secrecy, that the fighting men of Ohio were bound for far-off Belgium and that the 37th Division was one of two American Divisions picked to represent America, the United States, Ohio and sundry counties, cities and hamlets, in King Albert's country, or what was left of it.

The men will never forget that ride. In open box car doors "dough boys" squatted and munched hard tack and "corned Willie". The Buckeye Division has the distinction of being the only American Division to fight from the southern most point in the Allied line to the sector farthest north. On this trip Ohio traveled through Neufchateau, past the old home at Bourmont, Chaumont, where the American general headquarters had been established; Paris, Amiens, Abbeville, being one of the first trains to enter a spur running from Paris to Amiens by way of Abbeville. Langres, located upon the crest of a hill was given a passing glance, then came Troyes, Boulogne, Calais and Dun-



"Kemmel Hill," Belgium.

kirk. Early in the morning with a jolt and a jar the box cars halted and came to "parade rest."

As dawn sneaked slowly along through the heavy blanket of mist and fog the men gazed from the open doors and hearts went kerplunk to where the hobnails connected with the bottoms of their feet. For miles and miles around there was nothing to be seen but shell holes upon shell holes. Green water, stagnated by time, filled shell craters. Desolate, ghastly, silent, grim, there was nothing living to be seen as far as the eye could reach.

Presently, high in the sky, there appeared a score or more of birds. The men watched them dip and soar, wings motionless, and as they came closer one could see they were vultures, scavengers in the wake of the war—birds of prey. They screamed as they swooped over the train and disappeared in the grey, bleak world that opened and folded them from view. Slowly the day crept down and there appeared from the mist a small sign stuck in the mud. "This is Ypres," it said—no one could dispute it. St. Jean was a heap of dripping ruins, slimy and moss covered. A habitation for rats and mice and crawling things—a lasting tomb for heroes—a last resting place for countless men, a hellish monument to man and his ambitions—a sepulchre for the ages. A grey sky overcasting a grey world—and it was war and war was Hell.

All through the day the division rested. At night the men moved forward on foot through ten miles of No Man's Land. It was here that the greatest battles of the war had been fought and refought. The Buckeye Division was marching through

HE'S A VETERAN NOW



“The day you put on that big golden service stripe—
an’ paraded down the street.”

NO MAN'S LAND



Belgium. Rats squeaked and scurried about, their red little eyes gleaming in the night. As day blessed the world again great windmills, shell torn and ruined, waved greetings as the soldiers, fagged and weary, marched by. Like gigantic beacons they continued to wave until a bend in the road hid them from view. Division Headquarters was established at Hooglede, near Roulers. Eight days previously the Germans had been ousted from this village and driven to the Lys river. On the men marched through Lichtervelde, Muelbeke and Denterghem. Here they prepared for another offensive. Belgium was to be shown the type of fighter who played base ball on the sand lots of Ohio.

At 5:25 o'clock on the morning of October 31, "Fritzie" on watch along the Lys river was rudely awakened from his dreams of German beer and sauer-kraut, to face a typical go-get-em barrage. It was a typical American barrage. Five minutes of drum fire. Five minutes of hell, fire and damnation. Five minutes of terror. Across the Lys river scurried the Ohioans. Paddling in the icy water on logs and planks the "dough boys" went over carrying rifles and machine guns. Engineers began to build bridges. For a few minutes, the Germans hesitated,

but it didn't take them long to decide. Back they went to previously arranged positions. Here they planned to stop the infantry but they were mistaken. In 20 minutes the Ohioans had reached their first objective. Three hours later they passed their second objective and dug in for the night. As they dug in the Germans dug out and started for the Escaut river. On the second day members of the 37th Division drove on through Cruyshautem and Huysse to the banks of the Scheldt (Escaut) river. Here, under a veritable rain of shrapnel and machine gun fire, they established and held the only bridge heads to be erected over this river during the war.

In this drive through the fertile fields and populated country which had grown dormant under the four years of iron-hand rule of the Hohenzollern, more than twenty towns were liberated. Hundreds of men, women and children, laughing, crying, cheering, greeted the men as they advanced and entered towns. The yellow, red and black flags of Belgium appeared mysteriously from hiding places and swayed in the breeze. Apples and bottles of wine were resurrected and slipped down the throats of the boys in olive drab. Up ahead at Heurne, near Audenarde, the Americans were raising Cain with the Germans who were falling back along the river.

On November 4, 1918, the division was relieved by a French division and hiked 30 kilometers to Thielt, the largest town they had been in since leaving Montgomery, Alabama. Here they brushed away the dirt and dust, waxed and grew fat until November 9th. On that date the Division advanced again past Deynze to Synghem. With peace rumours flashing through the air, on the morning of November 10th, the 37th Division went "over the top" again, crossing the Escaut river north of their first sector and drove the Prussian Guards before them. It was here that news of the armistice arrived on the morning of November 11th. Orders had been received to suspend hostilities at 11 o'clock. At 10 o'clock the men were prepared to follow another barrage.

Squatting in "funk" holes the men carelessly rolled cigarettes and waited for the hour to tick around. The announcement was made. "Hostilities had ceased." Calmly, confidently they clambered to the ground. Across the fields the Germans were moving away. There was no exchange of shots. Another cigarette. The war was over.

EVERY DAY LIFE IN FRANCE



AH !-H-H-H-
YUH MISSED ME
YUH MISSED ME
HOW YUH LIKE
THAT -YUH BIG
MUD SLINGER!

I'LL GIT YOU
YUH BIG RUMMY
YOU LIVE IN
CINCINNATI -
I KNOW YUH

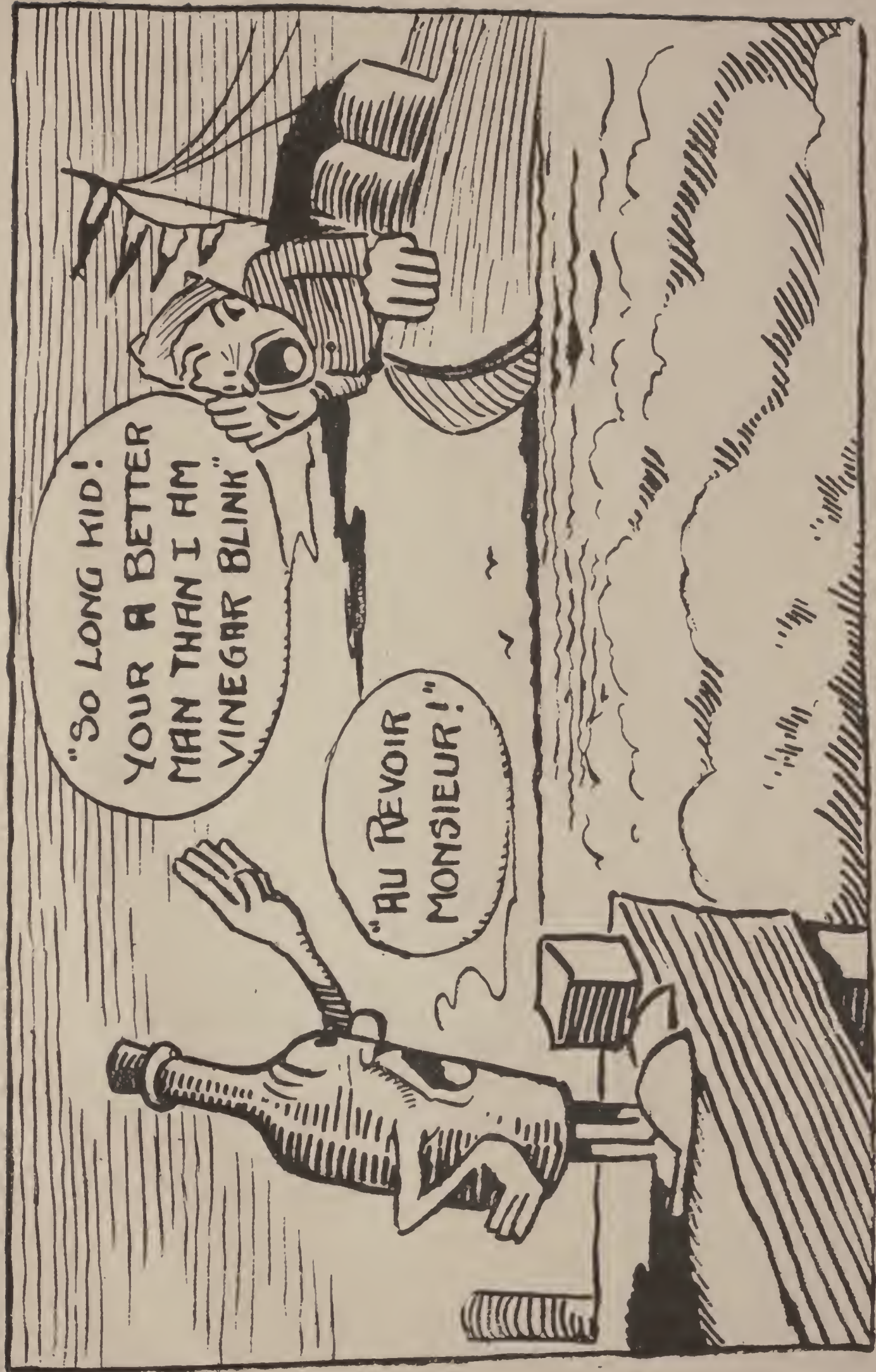
"OO-
UGH-!"

BEAT IT
GANG ! HERE'S
ANOTHER ONE OF
THEM MUD BATHS
BY THE TRUCK
ROUTE

UGH-RIGHT
ON ME EAR
PIECE- ? X !!!
X ? ? X X X
!!!!!!

THIS GUY
DOES IT ON
PURPOSE. I
KNOW THIS
BIRD!

DON
PALMER
18



OL' VINEGAR BLINK'LL MISS THE BOYS

“General Farnsworth Commends Division”

HEADQUARTERS 37TH DIVISION,
American, E. F.
12, November, 18.

Adj.

Doc. No. 497

GENERAL ORDERS {
No. 82

1. The Division Commander desires to record in General Orders his appreciation of the courage and sacrifice of the officers and men of the Division in its several recent operations, which have been crowned with such signal success through the splendid spirit and personal valor of our brave men.

In its first offensive against the enemy in the Argonne, the Division in spite of determined resistance and the most unfavorable conditions confronting it, advanced several miles against the enemy in positions held by him for over four years, repulsing repeated counter-attacks, capturing over 1100 prisoners, field and machine guns of many calibers, ammunition and other stores in large quantities.

It was honored by being selected as one of two American divisions to assist the Belgians to free their country from hostile occupation.

In its operations in Belgium an advance of over nine miles was made, the passage of the *Escaut* river forced at two points on different occasions and bridgeheads constructed and maintained in spite of obstinate resistance and in the face of intense artillery and machine gun fire. Several hundred prisoners, a number of field and machine guns, and military stores of all kinds were taken.

For these achievements, the Division has won the respect of the French veterans with which it has fought side by side, has been verbally commended by the Commander of the French Army in Belgium (General De Boissoudy) and has been commended in orders by the General (Penet) commanding the French Corps of which this Division formed a part.

Our success has not been without cost. We shall cherish always the memory of our brave comrades who have made the supreme sacrifice that the principles we have maintained from the beginning of the history of our own country shall not be destroyed.

This order will be read to all organizations at the first assembly formation after its receipt.

C. S. FARNSWORTH,
Major General, U. S. A.

Official:

Dana T. Merrill,
Colonel, General Staff,
Chief of Staff.

THESE COOTIES HAVE SOME REPUTATION



The Military Police

This is the M. P.
Whose head is quite M. T.
His arm band
Is law in the land.
With actions quite frisky,
He clouts old man whiskey,
And holds up his
Pious right hand.

His duties are hard,
But still he's a "pard,"
And a soldier
Way down in his heart.
Oft' times he is gruff,
And inclined to be rough,
But he's only
Playing his part.

He tells us the direction,
Is keen on inspection,
And points out the
Holes we must mend.
Just give him a smile,
And talk for a while,
He's a "buddy," a comrade,
A friend.

“OUT OF BOUNDS”



145th Infantry

Officers and men who formed the skeleton of the 145th Regiment were enlisted in the old 5th Ohio Infantry and mobilized for border service at Camp Willis, Ohio. When this Regiment arrived at Camp Sheridan, already mustered into Federal Service, it became the 145th Infantry. The majority of the men came from northern Ohio. Arriving in France and entering the Baccarat sector they took over sectors on the line known as the Chasseurs, and a portion of the Village Nigre sector. They were under the command of Colonel S. B. Stansbery, who was later to command the same regiment as Brigadier General. Colonel Stansbery was a veteran of the Spanish American war and recruited and organized the 112th Train and Military Police before the 37th Division was formed at Camp Sheridan.

To the 145th Infantry belongs the distinction of following the first barrage ever laid down before the 37th Division. This was on the morning of September 11, 1918, when prisoners were captured, among them an officer. Colonel Stansbery, at that time, offered a reward of 2,000 francs, or approximately \$400, for the first prisoner brought in. When this reward was won in a raid by eighteen volunteers, the money was given over to the Red Cross, in Paris, and a French War Orphan adopted.

The 145th Infantry went over the top in the Argonne drive and was the regiment which swept through Mountfaucon. It was after this drive that Colonel Stansbery was promoted to Brigadier General and the regiment was commanded by Colonel Frank Gerlach. In the Belgium drives the 145th Infantry successfully bridged the Escaut river.



HOW MANY TIMES DO YOU WANT TO BE FED, IN THIS LINE?

WHY, I NEVER SAW YOU BEFORE IN MY WHOLE LIFE

THROW HIM OUT OF LINE AN' FEED THE REST OF US

LOOK AT THAT GUY TRYIN' T' RUN THE GAUNTLET FOR THE THIRD TIME

THAT MESS SERGEANT'S SO TIGHT AN' MEAN, THAT IF HE OWNED THE OCEAN HE WOULDN'T GIVE A DUCK A DRINK

HOW'D YOU HORN YOUR-SELF IN HERE AHEAD OF ME?

CUT THE SHOVIN' OUT YOU'RE GONNA GIT FED!

BRING ON YOUR CORN WILLE I'M READY

HEY RED! WOT IS IT, SLUM AGIN? HOLLY GEE!!!

GEE! WONT IT BE GREAT WHEN YOU KIN STICK YER FEET UNDER YER DAD'S TABLE AGIN?

THE BIG ADVANCE ON THE ROLLING KITCHEN

THE 37th's FIRST FOUR PRISONERS



First Prisoners

Ohio had hardly stepped into the front line trenches in the Baccarat Sector when volunteers from the 147th Infantry, eager to see the difference between a German who admitted it and the German-Americans who camouflaged themselves behind steins of beer and pinochle boards, went crawling over the top into "No Man's Land."

It so happened that for many weeks four Germans had been enjoying life in a P. P. (Petit Post). The sector was a quiet one and in their dull minds was to remain a quiet one. They were squatting very comfortably on the ground discussing the world (as a part of Germany) and arguing as to their share in the division of Cincinnati, Milwaukee and St. Louis when those cities were captured by Wilhelm and his squad of submarines. One had visions of turning the breweries in Cincinnati into Krupp works for the final attack against Mars. He did not know that Ohio had gone dry and soft drinks were still among those whose blood ran like water. Dreams of "der Vaterland" and home sunk into their brains.

When in this state of happy intoxication they were rudely awakened by "dough boys" from Ohio who prodded them in the ribs as they yelled "Kamerad" to notify the other hound dogs further back in the trenches. Back across "No Man's Land" they were marched to be surrounded by curious soldiers as soon as they struck the "duck boards" in the American lines.

They were the first prisoners taken by the 37th Division on the morning of August 2, 1918 and were from the 40th Ersatz Regiment, 96th German Division. They were captured near the village of Ancerviller in Alsace-Lorraine.

146th Infantry

Back in old border days when sand swept across the Rio Grande and it was an easy war the 146th Infantry was known as the 8th Ohio. Returning, after about six months service, the Division was scheduled to remain in Federal service and moved to Camp Willis, Columbus. At Camp Sheridan the 8th Ohio lost its identity and became the 146th Infantry. In the Baccarat Sector this regiment occupied trenches in the Chamois and a portion of the Chamois sectors. In this sector was the famous Arc de Montreaux where Germans had established strongholds maintained by machine gun nests.

In the drive in the Argonne Forest this regiment distinguished itself advancing over Dead Man's Hill and Hill 256, both known throughout the war. Against the former hill the Germans and French had launched attack after attack with great loss of life.

In the Flanders offensives the 146th Regiment went forward under the command of Colonel James Pickering, through machine gun hail and heavy shrapnel fire. The regiment advanced through Olsene and Cruyshautem and reached its third objective on the banks of the Escaut river.

This Division was recruited and raised to war strength in northwestern Ohio. Wooster and Ohio Northern Universities are well represented among officers and men of this command.



Two Dough Boys patrolling No-Man's Land as "Jerry" sends up a flare: "You don't have t' show us, we know where you are."

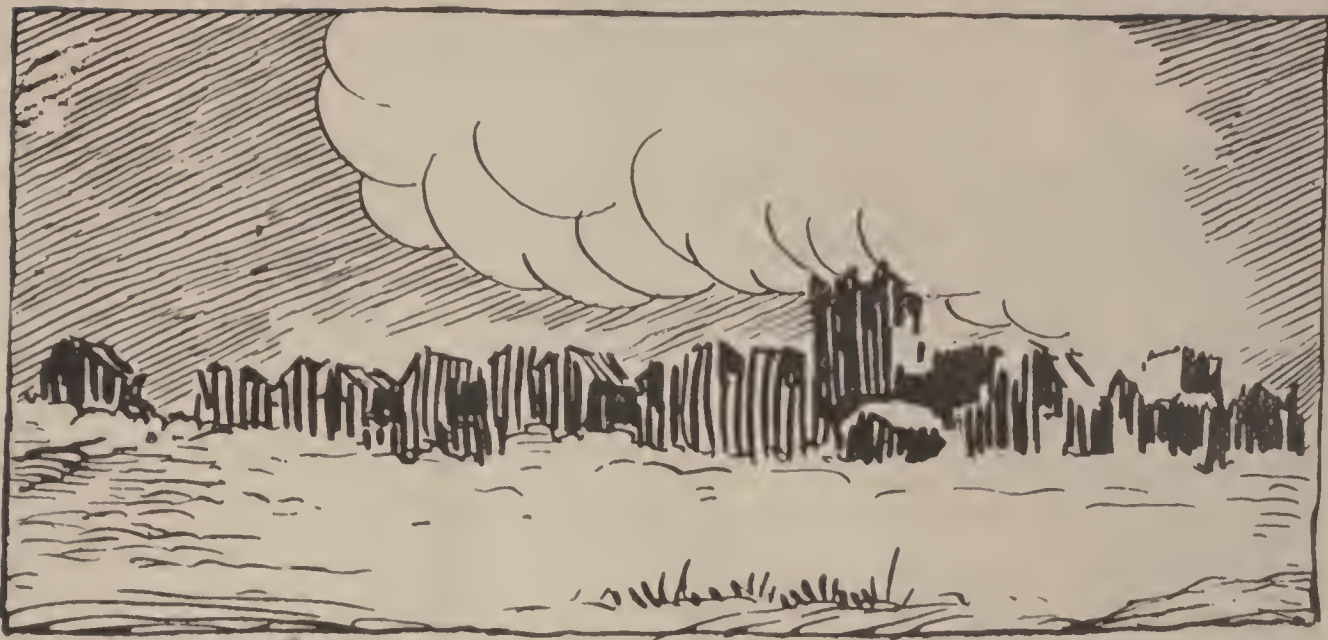
147th Infantry

The 147th Infantry, composed of men from southern Ohio and northern Ohio, from Cincinnati and Toledo was formerly the Sixth Ohio Infantry and saw service on the Mexican border. Coming to Camp Sheridan, the Regiment was placed under the command of Colonel F. W. Galbraith, Jr., who led the regiment through the entire war, was one of three officers in the 37th Division to receive a Distinguished Service Cross, was wounded together with Lieut. Colonel William H. Meyers in the Argonne offensive.

In the Baccarat Sector this regiment captured the first prisoners on the morning of August 2. Here they occupied trenches in the Neuville and Grand Bois Sectors. Within the Neuville sector was the town of Neuville which lay in No Man's Land between the two lines. Petit Posts were often established in the village.

In the Argonne drive this regiment advanced past Ivoiry, capturing that town and into Cierges where they established and maintained the line. In the Belgium offensives the 147th Infantry saw heavy fighting near the town of Heurne on the very banks of the Escaut river and advanced across the river on the morning of November 10th, one day before hostilities ceased

FOUR DAYS OF HELL



Heurne on fire from Hun shells while the 37th's doughboys held the Escaut river fifty yards beyond.

148th Infantry

The 148th Infantry was formerly the 3rd Ohio Regiment, commanded by Colonel Robert Hubler and after returning from border service was never mustered out. On guard duty throughout southern Ohio, eastern Indiana and West Virginia the regiment established Headquarters at Cincinnati until the command moved to Chillicothe, previous to moving to Camp Sheridan. Here it became the 148th Infantry.

Before entering the trenches in Baccarat, the Regiment came under a new commander, Colonel G. W. Stewart. This regiment occupied the Ancerviller and De la Blette sector and supported the first gas projector attack laid down by American troops in the Alsace-Lorraine front. German prisoners, when interrogated, said this attack was successful and struck terror to the hearts of the enemy.

In the Argonne drive this regiment was on the extreme left of the Division sector and had continuous fighting through woodland and marshy bottoms. They entered Cierges with the 147th Infantry and placed patrols beyond that town when the Division was relieved.

In the Belgium offensive the 148th Infantry advanced to the Escaut river and had casualties in the town of Heurne. This regiment saw heavy fighting on all fronts and had frequent gas baths in the Pannes sector near St. Mihiel.

FRENCH BILLETS



DON
PALMER 18

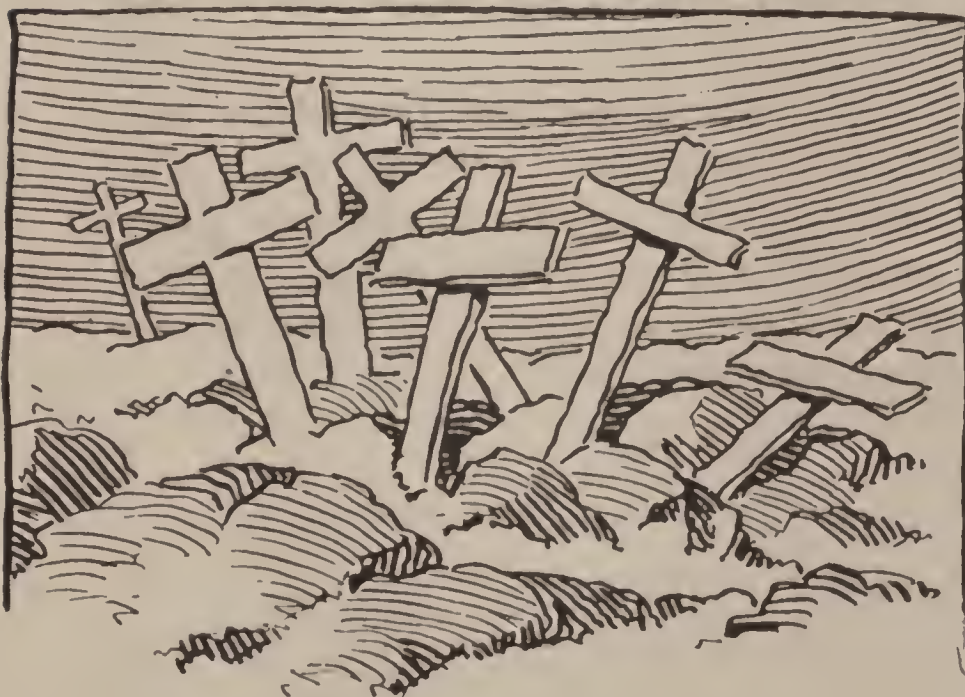


"Ruined Cathedral at Ypres."

Ypres and Belgium

For four long years Belgium was scarred by a strip of hell ten miles wide and more than one hundred miles long. It was the most cruel and most deadly stretch of land in the world's war. Churned by millions of high explosive shells, pock marked by shrapnel, seared and scorched by gas until trees wilted and died; blanketed always by mists and fogs, damp, dismal, bleak, bare, it was not a habitation for man, but for crawling things and Death. In this territory men existed in dugouts from which water was pumped continually to guard against drowning. In the winter it became a sheet of ice broken only where black, stagnant waters in huge shell holes did not freeze. Here the 37th Division marched past Ypres, St. Jean, Dixmude, Passchendaele Ridge, Poperinghe, Kimmel Hill, Messine Ridge and Poelcappel—all ruined, never to be rebuilt, graveyards for thoughts and souls. Cemeteries had been built in places behind the lines but they were not held sacred and high explosive shells sought and penetrated many graves.

The soggy earth permitted the crude wooden crosses to sag and sway together as if seeking support among themselves. Here in one soldier cemetery there are buried 75,000 men. The Germans resorted to the hellish use of gas for the first time in this area violating all laws of humanity.



The fields where poppies grew.

112th Engineers

In the 112th Engineers one finds a solid stonewall of Clevelanders and northern Ohio men. Recruited by Colonel John J. McQuigg the organization practically built Camp Sheridan, Alabama. Great drainage ditches were dug, the rifle and artillery range built and rivers spanned.

The regiment was taken over by Colonel W. H. Sage, who led them in the hard work of the Argonne and Belgium drives. It was the task of the engineers to build and maintain roads through the forest and valley near Mount-faucon. Roadways were more than a foot deep with mud and the great task of building plank roadways fell to them. Night and day they labored. So eager were these men to fight with the infantry they assembled with rifles and ammunition during the Argonne offensive and announced their intentions of going forward. But they were needed in engineering work.

In Belgium it was the Engineers who floated the first pontoon bridges across the Escaut (Scheldt river). Although high explosive shells ripped the structure away time after time and machine gun bullets swept the river the engineers continued their work until two bridges were firmly established across the river.



Passing private to his comrade: "That guy's been takin' French lessons from that little mademoiselle fer two weeks an' he don't know any more than when he began."

Hospitals

Take off your hats to the pill rollers. They were the lads who went forward without guns or ammunition, armed with a stretcher and bandages to the very front lines and, regardless of danger, gave "first aid" to the wounded and then carried those too badly injured to walk, back to dressing stations. Their work continued through the long hours of the night and all through the day.

Hospitals were established under trees and in dugouts during the drive against Mountfaucun. Here they were led by Colonel Lewis Brechmin assisted by Major Ale-shire Neale and Major John D. Spelman. Major Spelman later became Director of Field Hospitals acting in this capacity during the offensives in Belgium.

In the 145th, 146th, 147th and 148th Field Hospitals and Ambulance Companies there are men from all parts of Ohio. Every University and College is represented and "frat" meetings were oft-times held in wayside billets.

Marching Song

OHIO

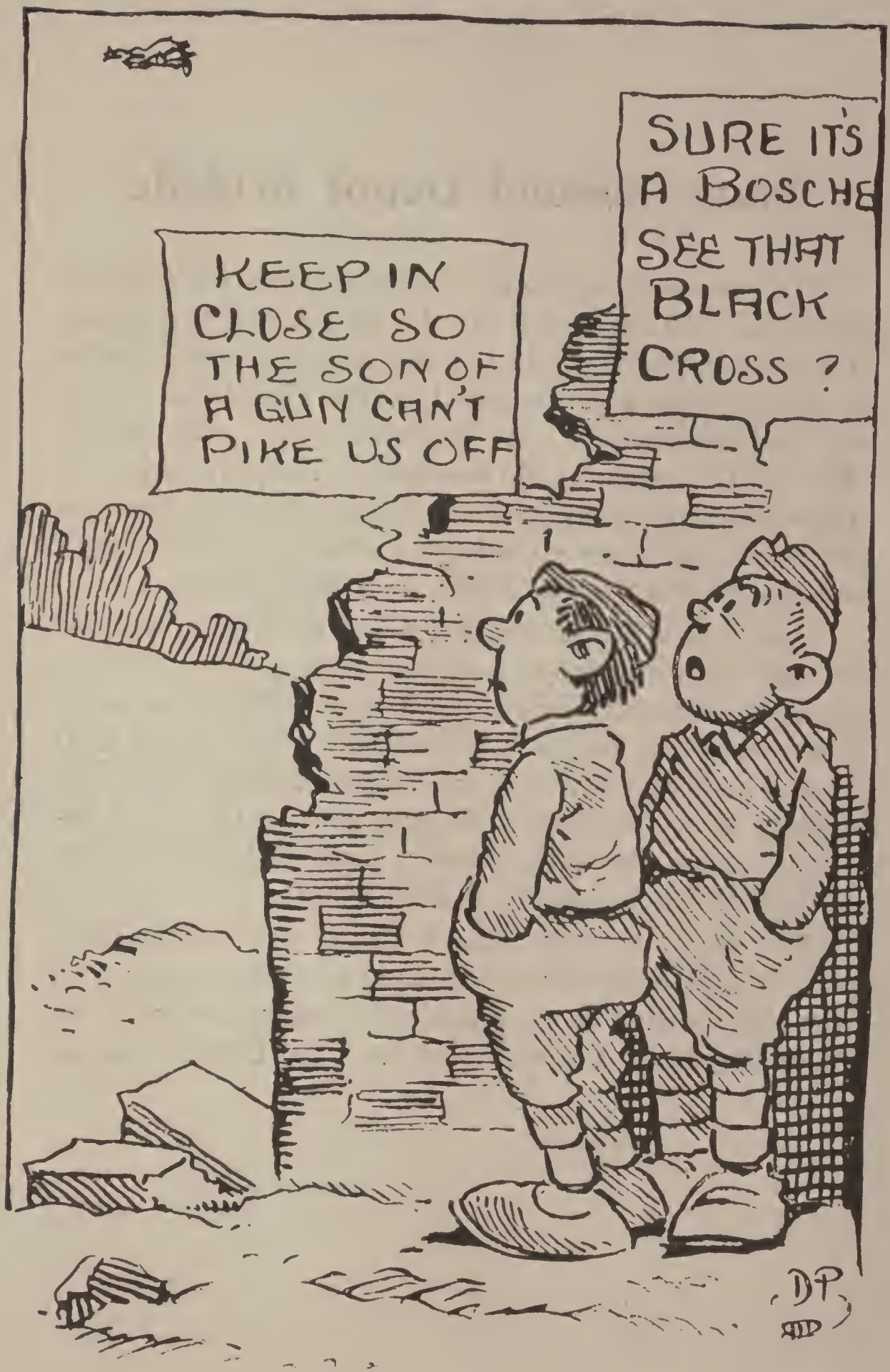
(BEFORE)

Ohio, Ohio, the hills
Send back the cry,
We're here to do or die,
Ohio, Ohio, we'll win
The war or know the reason why.
And when we win the war,
We'll buy a keg of booze,
And drink to old Ohio,
'Till we wobble in our shoes.

(AFTER)

Ohio, Ohio, the hills
Send back the cry,
We're here to do or die,
Ohio, Ohio, we'll win
The war or know the reason why.
And when we win the war,
We'll buy a bottle of pop,
For the slackers voted
Ohio dry while
We went "over the top."

A "FAVORITE" PASTIME



Sixty-Second Depot Brigade

The Sixty-second Depot Brigade was formed at Camp Sheridan, Alabama, and lived but a short two weeks. It was under the command of Brigadier General Charles X. Zimmerman and composed of the First Ohio Infantry, under Colonel F. W. Galbraith, Jr.; the Tenth Ohio and the Seventh Ohio Infantry. The purpose of this Brigade was to be a replacement depot for the 37th Division and some doubt was voiced as to whether or not officers and men of this Brigade would see active service.

However, with the breaking up of the Depot Brigade the men were transferred into four other regiments of the Division. Colonel Galbraith accompanied the majority of the men from the 1st Ohio Infantry, recruited in Cincinnati and vicinity, into the 147th Infantry. The remainder of the southern Ohio men entered the 148th Infantry, commanded at that time by Colonel Robert Hubler, formerly Colonel of the First Ohio Infantry.

Men from the 10th Ohio Infantry were transformed into a Machine Gun Battalion along with officers and men from the machine gun companies of the regiments in the Depot Brigade. And so endeth the 62nd Depot Brigade.



“THE BELGIAN RETURNING HOME”

112th Field Signal Battalion

The 112th Field Signal Battalion saw service from the start to the finish. Night and day they strung lines of communication and maintained them under the most adverse circumstances. It was the duty of officers and men to advance with the Infantry in all offensives and have telephones in working order along the front lines. It was the radio station that attached the Buckeye Division to the outer world when all other means of communication failed.

All communication was maintained along "axial" roads, planned before the drives. From these wires there ran smaller wires in all directions. Each Infantry Regiment, Brigade Headquarters and Artillery Battery had liaison through the Signal Battalion. Often the wires were broken by heavy shell fire, stopping communication with organizations then advancing. Forward through gas, shrapnel and screeching steel went the men of the Signal Battalion and repaired the broken tips through which whispered words passed; even as the tape was being bound around the break. During an offensive or in any sector of the line the duty of the Signal Battalion is one of the most important.

From Baccarat through the entire campaign this organization was commanded by Major R. L. Mundhenk. This Battalion is composed largely of men from northern Ohio and Columbus.

'MID SHOT AND SHELL



In the Ayonne Drive we saw a Sammie shaving a four day growth off, down in a shell hole, while shells were whizzing right and left.

Division Headquarters

Division Headquarters, in the minds of the "dough boys" was a faraway place where no one did anything but growl and grumble and the Infantry did all the work. It was a mistaken conception. Division Headquarters was always represented along with the Infantry, in every sector and in every offensive. The work of Division Headquarters was never regulated by the call of a bugle. It was this office that labored night and day making plans which went far into future and arranging for the comforts and welfare of the organizations in the 37th Division.

Major General C. S. Farnsworth, succeeded to the command of the Buckeye Division at Camp Sheridan, Alabama, and for some time was an unknown quantity to the rank and file. Until they came to know him he was looked upon, more or less, in awe, having only the heavy bossing to do, they believed, while others performed the necessary work. But as the Division "jumped off" on the morning of September 26, 1918, they found General Farnsworth everywhere at once. Straight ahead with the Infantry he rode fearlessly along roads swept by machine gun and artillery fire. Time and again he was cheered—and the men remember him as a man, more as a father, who came up to see how they were getting along, than as a commanding officer.

The size of a division, composed of its many elements and numbering more than 30,000 officers and men, precludes the commanding General or any other one man from handling it without assistants, and many of them. These assistants form a group called the Division Staff. As right hand man to the General, putting his policies into effect, supervising and coordinating the work of the Division Staff, is the Chief of Staff. It is his duty to remain awake during the entire war. How he does it is a mystery. Colonel Dana T. Merrill, was Chief of Staff during the entire action of the Division and then was called to the United States from Belgium. This office was then taken by Colonel E. E. Fuller, who piloted the Division home.

The staff is a group of specialists, each having a certain work to perform. This work must continue night and day. This Staff is divided into three general groups. In the A. E. F. they were called G-1, G-2 and G-3. Lt. Colonel Herbert Twelvetree is G-1, in charge of all matters pertaining to Supply, Medical, Ordnance, Quartermaster and Transportation. Working in conjunction with him were Lt. Colonel John Shetler, Division Quartermaster; Colonel Otto Miller, Division Ordnance Officer and Colonel Lewis Brechmin, Division Surgeon. Lt. Colonel L. R. Gignilliat became G-2 the day after the armistice was declared. In the office during the entire time spent on the front were Captain Burton Robinson, Intelligence Officer, and Lieut. Frank Kramer, Interrogator of German prisoners. The G-2 office comprises Intelligence, including observation, counter-espionage, aerial observation, scouts, patrols and censorship. G-3, or Operations Section, was started by Lt. Colonel L. C. Grieves and later under the direction of Major Sumner Waite. Operations has nothing to do with hospital but with the movement of troops along the battle line and in training. In the Adjutant's Office Lt. Colonel R. E. Fraile ponders over all paper work ranging from furloughs to general orders and bulletins.

Chaplain John F. Herget, Division Chaplain, was responsible for the religious, educational and entertainment features of the Division. He, together with Chaplains of other organizations buried those Ohio lads who fell in France and Belgium. Colonel Hubert Turney, Judge Advocate, was the last word in Military Law. Major Harry W. Brown, Veterinarian, was responsible for the care of the horses of the Division. Lt. Colonel Chalmers Wilson, Division Signal Officer, provided communication and liaison between organizations. Captain Kenneth Althaus, assistant G-3, left the Division and remained in France. Captain Howard Fenker, Secretary of the General Staff, compiled the Division History day by day. Captain Arthur Gordon, Assistant Adjutant remained in France.

There you have 'em in a nut shell.

"COOTIES"



"Friends"

There are friends of all descriptions,
And they fill our own prescriptions.
There are good ones and some bad ones in the bunch
But the friendly little cootie,
Is the one who does his duty,
And does it with a will and with a punch.

He sticks with us when sleeping,
And about us goes a 'creeping,
He's the best friend of a soldier in the fray.
Try as you may to lose him,
No soldier can confuse him,
He's a friendly little beggar bound to stay.

And now that we must leave him,
We hate like 'ell to give him,
We know how bad it's gonna' make him feel.
Every hour hand has its minute,
And every 'gray-back' has his limit,
When he takes us for his hotel and his meal.

ANOTHER COMRADE



“THE MASCOT”

Man's Best Friend

There are men in this world who do not make friends with man. In their hearts there is a lonesomeness, a grief that becomes cemented there as time passes. In the majority of such cases these men make good soldiers. They are brave and know no fear—but they are lonesome. Deep in their hearts there is a longing for companionship, a craving for friendship, a yearning for affection.

In the 37th Division there was such a man. He was respected by men in his company but was apart from them. Letters?—His name was never called by the mail orderly. His tasks were well done and when finished he withdrew into quiet places, away from the fireside of friendship. He took no part in the fun making—from the time he enlisted until—well he had no friends among the men.

It was on the Baccarat Sector that he stood on the parapet gazing across the wire entanglements into the night when something crawled forward from the German lines. The silent man thought it was a deserter but as the figure came closer he saw it was a dog; dragging itself painfully along. For some time he watched the animal and then crawled out upon this field of death and carried the whimpering puppy, for it was a puppy, back into the lines.

A forefoot hung limp and bloody, shattered by a sniper's bullet. Opening his first-aid kit this silent man bandaged the dog's foot. A warm tongue caressed his fingers and great brown eyes spoke the suffering animal's gratitude. Through the final hours of the watch the dog lay at the feet of this samaritan. When relief came the silent man carried the puppy back into a dug-out. Thus began a friendship that became known throughout the regiment.

On long hikes through France and into Belgium the two were never apart. To find one might to find the other. In the still watches of the night the two stood guard and many a growl from the dog announced the presence of an enemy patrol. He knew the smell of the Boche and hated them. In box cars, as officers turned their backs, the dog curled close to the silent man and the two slept side by side.

At Olsene, Belgium, as the Buckeye Division prepared to go "over the top" again, the silent man led the dog into a wrecked building. There was no roof. With trembling hands he tied the dog to a timber. A bed of hay was placed in a corner. As the hour approached for the advance of the Infantry, he sat silently with the dog. Dawn began to creep down upon them. The silent man stooped and took both shaggy paws in his hands. His head was pressed against the dog and a red tongue begged for freedom. The hour arrived.

"So long, Old Pal," said the silent man and the warm tongue touched his cheek. There was no other parting. Rifle on shoulder, steel helmeted, the silent man went forward. Behind him the dog strained at the leash.

When the Regiment was relieved and passed through Olsene on the way to the rear the pup was still waiting for the silent man—his friend.

"GOIN' T' CAMPI"



Don
PALMER

Just Memories

Officers and men of the Buckeye Division fought a hard war at Camp Sheridan, Alabama, with Montgomery handing over the keys of the city to the men from Ohio. Old Sol, who was reputed to live in "Sunny France," had moved to Alabam' and made life worth living. There were regular tents to live in, good old pyramidals, mess halls where one could actually sit down to eat and the "chow" never included hardtack or "corned Willie." And then down behind the company streets were shower baths where hot water burst from spouts and coursed down across broad shoulders. "Beau-coup" automobiles chugged along the roadways and cries of "Gonna Camp" was music to our ears.

Here and there were canteens where hungry soldiers could buy chocolate for less than ten francs, apples and whatever he wished. If he didn't have the money there were canteen checks—and pay on pay-day. Street cars, the old Pickett Springs and the Sheridan lines, clanged through the camp—at intervals. Conductors and motormen found the traction business a profitable one. Just see those embers, burning in the incinerator in front of the mess hall and the lights in the officers' huts across the dusty road.

As night came 'round the neigh of the horses back in the stables mingled with the nasal tones of the company quartette. From the band quarters came sundry toots and whistles and K. P.'s rattled pots and pans in the kitchen. The old water bag perspired in the warm air.

And then, as the street cars climbed slowly over the squeaking trestle and coasted down past the Capital Building, the streets became crowded with soldiers. There was no steel helmet or gas mask to carry around. Peanut stands and soft drink parlors were open to you. There was Court Square and the Information Bureau where band concerts were held during the week. Hotels allowed one to browse about the lobby, even though the soldier-gentleman was making a modest \$33 per.

Churches, entertainments and lawn fetes were sunshine to the heart of the Ohio lads. "Dough boys," sun burned and freckled, blushed under the gaze of the southern lassies and sighed amourosly when the southern accent became prominent. Ohio girls were in danger of losing their sweethearts more in Montgomery, Alabama, than in any place in France. Remember how the great, pale, yellow moon sneaked slowly into the sky and mandolins tinkled from behind the honeysuckle; in the shadow of the veranda. In the fields of cotton negroes droned their melancholy melodies.

Real theaters and motion-picture theaters were there. And then there was mother and father and sister and brother—and maybe some one else who surprised you when they stepped from the train and kissed you square upon the mouth, when you hadn't been kissed for so long.

And when you wished to return to good old Ohio there was a furlough for the asking and a ride in real Pullmans—not the side door kind so popular in France and Belgium—and, well, Camp Sheridan and Montgomery are welded into the memories of every man in the 37th Division until they can never be erased.

Bingo Goes The Lingo

(French As She Was Spoken.)

“Madam, Ma-damn, comentalleyvoo.
(Whut’s that you say, ’sensonk’),
Treas Beans, that may be forty-two,
Too much for one vin blanc.
This lingo sorta’ gets my goat,
Whoever heard such words?
I studied French when on the boat,
And now I meet these birds.”

“Ah, wee mussewer, I compre,
You are en A-mer-eek,
Un souvenir, Toots sweet, toots sweet,
I come again nex week.
Cognac? Ah NO, de peelice yu seee,
Vin blanc, vin rouge, caffee.
Shampaign? Wee, for ‘boco’ francs,
De Yankee spends his pay.”

“Cum on, less go. ‘Olive Oil’ madame.
Alea, allea,—(A cigarette?)
Kin you beat that guy for nerve
Me smokin’ bull and papers wet,
I’ll knock him fer a curve.
Whus’ that you’ll give. A ‘sue?’
Why gee, He really wants a smoke.
A cigarette? Just take a few,
You fightin,’ cheerful bloke.”

PARLEYING THE LINGO



FROM THE GOOD OL' UNITED STATES



“Hello Sambo”

When training in Camp Sheridan, Alabama, men of the 37th Division saw for the first time the real southern negro in a good old southern town. When traveling through France in “side door” Pullmans, the Ohio “doughboy” saw many American negroes plodding along. When questioned as to where they lived in the United States the answer was almost always “Alabama,” accompanied by a display of pure white “ivories” that delighted the Ohioans.

But there was one who evidently was not from Alabama. It was during the Argonne drive that a lone infantryman stumbled along, tired and weary. He was looking for companionship when he stumbled across a short, squat, negro standing astraddle of a trench. French Colonial troops wear the same sorta’ polish on their faces but do not speak English. The American was wary and decided to put the question straight.

“Are you from Alabama,” he said.

“No sah,” came the reply and the inevitable grin, “I’s from the U-U-United States.”

112th Train and Military Police

Soldiers need food and clothing no matter where they are. Ohio doughboys have great appetites and are hard on breeches. It was the duty of men in the Supply Train to get, not only necessities, but ammunition and material forward to the lines. In quiet sectors this task was not easy and during offensives it became almost impossible. Under the direction of Colonel Robert Hubler, they solved the problem.

The 112th Military Police, recruited in Cincinnati and Columbus, commanded by Major Ralph D. Cole, faced a hard task. It is a ticklish proposition to tell a fellow soldier when to go to bed and not to sing too loud but the work was handled diplomatically. The work did not stop here however. They were along the front to bring prisoners to the rear and to regulate traffic on roadways which were always under heavy shell fire.

Message Center and Dispatch Riders

In every war since the stone age, liaison and the establishing of lines of communication have been one half the battle. In the modern age the telephone sometimes fails especially when a 250 pound shell strikes and explodes among lines of telephone wire. Then it is the duty of the Message Center and Dispatch Riders to carry messages any place and under all conditions. During offensives dispatch riders rode motorcycles into the front lines and across roads when machine gun bullets raised tiny clouds of dust around them. Riding a motor cycle at night, without lights of any kind became a habit with these men. More than one found his way into a hospital with a broken leg, fractured arm or bruised body. But they stuck to it.

Machine Gun Battalions

The 134th, 135th and 136th Machine Gun Battalions were in action from the time the barrier was lifted until the bell rang at the finish. Advancing steadily with the Infantry, these men struck terror to the hearts of the Hun who attempted to maintain positions in shell craters and behind hedges. The 134th Battalion was known as the Divisional Battalion and was held in reserve and then rushed to that portion of the line where fighting was hardest. The 136th Battalion distinguished themselves when machine gunners brought down a Boche airplane during the first Belgium drive near Huerne. These battalions were directed by Divisional Machine Gun Officer Charles C. Chambers.



TROUBLES OF THE MESSAGE CENTER

Don
Palmer
JMD

Mess Pan

RATIONS.

Many cans of hard tack,
Many tins of "Willie,"
Make a mighty army,
But drive the soldier silly.

There are many fashions,
In dishing out the grub,
But eating "Iron Rations,"
Seems to be rub.

Served the same for supper,
As it was for dinner,
How our stomachs suffer.
Growing thin and thinner.

As important as a gun,
They say it is nutritious.
After eating half a ton,
We find it is quite vicious.

It may be either horse or cow,
But when the cooks are lazy,
They feed it to us for our "chow,"
And drive us nearly crazy.

It is a menu in itself,
And now we have to buy it,
To place upon the pantry shelf,
A reminder of our diet.



"VINEGAR BLINK."

There's a certain fascination in most every kind of nation and the world's a small old planet after all. There are different ways of thinking and habits as to drinking, but the stuff that we've been drinking beats 'em all. There is beer and rum and whiskey, but to quench your thirst is risky, for one often takes too much—and there's an end. But in France, the land of lilies, where they call the maidens "filles," they have a drink that has a secret blend. It's a mixture filled with mystery and the name will live in history, from now on, down through the sands of time. Between the French and Yankees, who bought up all lace "hankies" there was a chain of friendship all sublime. But in spite of manly kissing there was something surely missing, as in Darwin's theory many years ago. We put on our Sunday manners and they hung out all their banners, but we couldn't get together on the "go." It was something sadly lacking, didn't have the proper backing, in this chain there was a missing link. But the soldier sought and found it, took it up and slowly downed it, the cooling, soothing, sparkling, "VINEGAR BLINK."

Today—Tomorrow

When you'r hikin', 'en you'r weary,
'En your heart is far from cheery,
Your feet are blisterin' hot
And full of pain.
As the pack strap cuts your shoulder,
Then you feel ten long years older,
And your helmet weighs a ton'
Upon your brain.

Far away a light's a'burning,
There a mother's heart is yearning,
And a father sits and muses
By the fire;
Though they write of joy and gladness,
In their hearts there is a sadness,
For they know that you are
Struggling through the mire.

Through the air the shells are screaming,
Up ahead the flares are gleaming.
About you Death claims payment
In the fray.
Life is full of pain and sorrow
As the gray dawn heralds the morrow,
And scatters criminal night
Before the day.

But now that all is ended,
And the broken world is mended.
Let's forget about the past
And start anew.
For the future lies before us.
And the folks back home adore us.
Opportunity is waiting—
Just for you.

So just step from out the strife,
Back into the civil life,
Where you left off; though many
Months have past.
For the bee that gets the honey,
And the man who makes the money,
Is the one who sticks and works—
Until the last.

IN THE RUINS OF DIXMUDE



Home

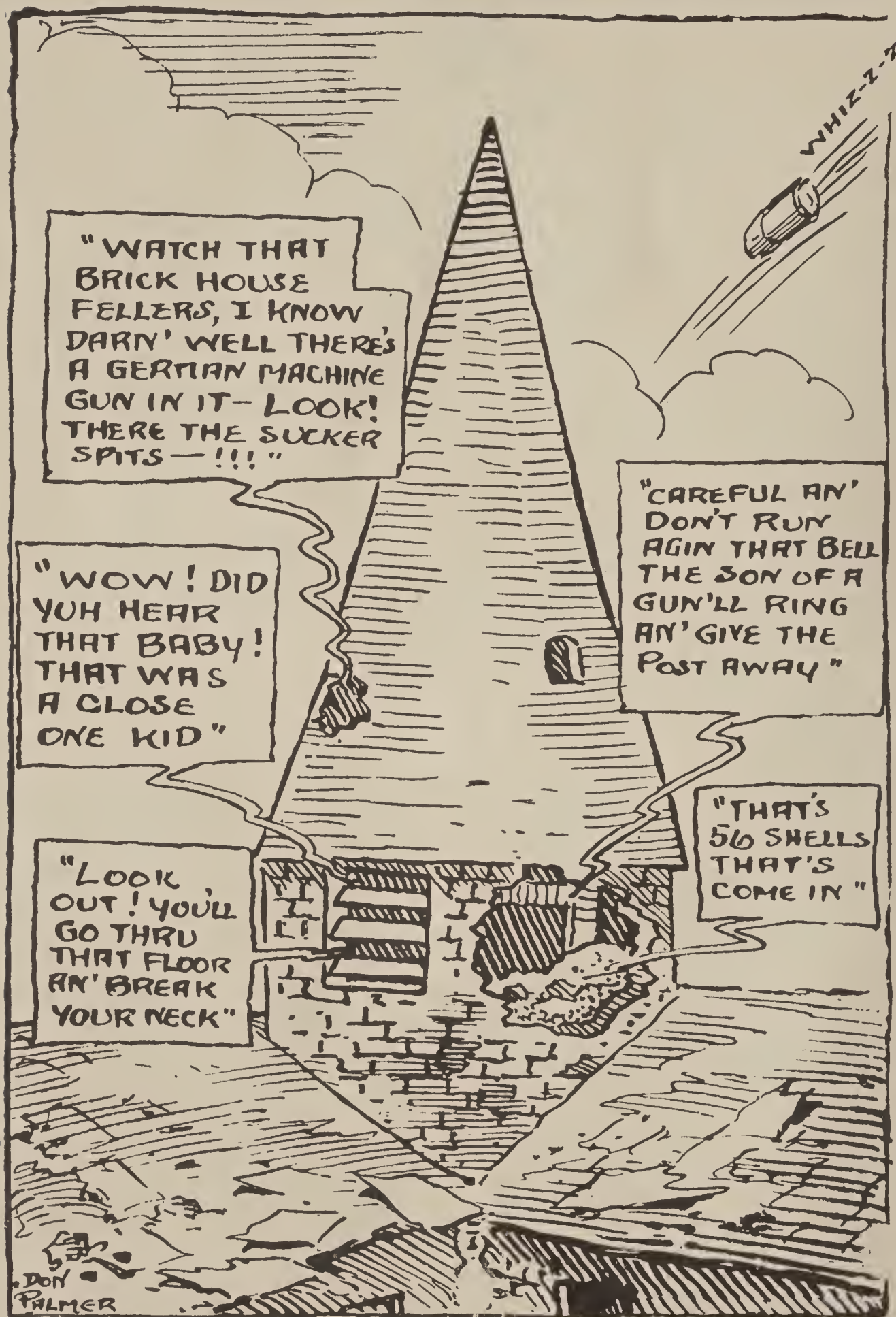
America has been spared the horrors of war that will live forever in Belgium and France. Along the western front villages have been completely demolished, churches and cathedrals destroyed, farms laid waste and forests cut to the ground.

Belgium has suffered far more than France in this respect. At Ypres the world famous Cloth Hall and Cathedral are but heaps of debris. In Dixmude, where a city of 15,000 population once stood, there is nothing to distinguish where peaceful homes once stood. The streets in which laughing children played, the schools, stores and shops were deserted by the inhabitants when the German artillery trained its guns upon the town. For a time this town lay in No Man's Land and was held by the Germans and British at different times.

The heavy shell fire rolled gigantic stones high upon heaps of wreckage. In spite of this great handicap Belgium has already started to rebuild. Two days after hostilities ceased there appeared in the once beautiful village of Dixmude a woman. She was searching for her home. About her, for miles stretched the No Man's Land, dark and bleak and the great splotches of red brick dust, crushed by high explosive shells.

She was the first to return to what had once been home to her and for more than a half day she searched patiently for some trace of the dwelling. Finally, late in the afternoon she found the old door step, a cement block bearing the name of the family. It had been tossed a great distance from the place where the building had stood five years before. As she prodded the dust and rubbish away from the block she smiled, but tears came from beneath the drooping eyelids. There was sadness and gladness—but she was a brave soul. Through her tears she declared her intention of returning to Dixmude with her aged father and mother to build a new home in this desolated area. It is the spirit of the Belgium people. Our hearts go out to them. Thank God America saw fit to enter the great war when it did.

"THE OBSERVATION SECTION ON THE JOB AT SYNGHEM, BELGIUM, SUNDAY, NOV. 10 AND MONDAY, NOV. 11, 1918."



HIKIN' TO THE VERDUN FRONT

HULLY GEE,
LET'S GO T'
BED SOME
WHERE

TAINT MUCH
LIKE THE SHER-
IDAN REVELLE



DON
PALMER
18

RECICOURT
5 KILOS



The Question Settled

Since the German armies started their march to Victory(?) and the 37th Division stopped buying civilian suits and civilized shoes there had been doubt in the minds of the Buckeye soldiers whether the Boche directed his artillery against churches or not. After entering the trenches it did not take "Jerry" long to convict himself..

It was at Euvezin on the St. Mihiel Sector that the 37th Division found a deserted church. Evidently everyone had moved out of town for there was no reception committee to meet the Division when it marched in about 2 o'clock in the morning. At 3 o'clock many Ohio snores rose and echoed in the gables of this place of worship. Whizzzzzz—booom—bang—whee—away went the corner of the church and sleep fled from sleepy heads. The church was vacated in 3 seconds, flat, a record in leaving church, and the question was settled.



“Sunny France”

SOME BOOB
WITH A POETIC LICENSE
AND NO BRAINS IN HIS HEAD,
AT ONE TIME CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF THE
SUN, SOME PLACE IN FRANCE. IT ASTONISHED
HIM AND HE SAT DOWN AND WROTE A POEM ABOUT
IT AND CALLED IT
“SUNNY FRANCE.”

THEN THE ENTIRE WORLD SAT UP AND RUBBED IT'S
EYES AND ACTUALLY BELIEVED THAT THE SUN
SHONE IN FRANCE, WHICH IT DOES: NOT,
BECAUSE THERE'S ONLY ONE PLACE IN
THE WORLD WHERE IT SHINES AND
THAT IS AT HOME AND NOT IN
“SUNNY FRANCE.”

HOW WE HATE MULES! !



Privates Bill Jones and Marty Junkins declare the bray of a mule sounds exactly like one of Jerry's shells coming over.

WHAT'S A WAR WITHOUT A CIGARETTE?

ANY OF
YOU GUYS
GOT A CIGARETTE?"



That Service Stripe

There's a thrill that comes to the heart of every soldier in the American Expeditionary Force, if he is human enough to be thrilled, and that is when the first six months have passed and the gold service stripe is placed upon his sleeve. In the 37th Division the first service strips began to appear on December 22, and as organizations reached the six months service date, the golden bar became visible throughout the entire Buckeye Division.

But there were other stripes far greater than the service stripe. On the sleeve of the left arm you will see another gold stripe—the wound stripe. Those are the stripes that are envied by officers and men alike. The smallest “buck” private in the rear rank, if he wears a wound stripe, is envied by the greatest general. if he does'nt wear one. The Buckeye Division has its share of such stripes. When reviewing the Division General John J. Pershing stopped before every man wearing a wound stripe and asked in what battle the wound was received.

Those greatest heroes of all, those who died upon the fields of France and Belgium are remembered only in the hearts of their relatives and comrades. In the homes in God's Country gold service stars shine from windows where sons or husbands have given their lives that freedom might live. Soon these flags will disappear and the memory of time will fade these heroes until their names become part of the ages. But they will never be forgotten. No—they will live forever and forever. Heroes, everyone of them; men—all of them.

The world will always remember how they struggled onward and onward through hell itself; until, they fell by the wayside and sank into everlasting sleep. Heroes of the 37th Division, the towns and cities of Ohio will long treasure your memory. Greater than the heroes of the olden days, for you fought and died for a cause of righteousness; for no personal gain. The United States and Ohio is proud of you and the men of the Buckeye Division.



Dugouts

Dugouts are not dug out. They are dug in. The only ones who ever dug out of a dugout were the Germans who dug out as soon as they saw the 37th Division stepping "Over the Top." Dugouts remind one of home because they are so different. To enter a dugout one must step forward in the dark and fall gracefully down the steps. No real lady ever comes into a dugout—neither does a gentleman. They cease to exist as soon as they start into any dugout. A candle, several large families of rats, many drops of water, seeping through the roof, and a gas alarm bell are the usual furnishings of the modern dugout.

Dugouts are abominations to mankind until "Jerry" starts dropping 77's and 105's and a few airplane eggs nearby. Then they are in great demand. Dugouts must be pumped out every day for fear of drowning the soldiers who are in them if the water is allowed to stand. Now that the war is over there are many thousand dugouts for rent in France and Belgium. But like the hole in the doughnut—no one wants 'em. A dugout isn't worth a tinker's darn during peace time. All dugouts smell like fertilizer factories. Some are deeper than others. The deeper the better. In America they are called cyclone cellars. It is impossible to take one home for a souvenir. Your girl will ask for one anyway but don't let that worry you. Send her a picture of yourself with your mouth open. She won't know the difference.

Dugouts are usually inhabited by officers. They are accustomed to them. Dugouts don't grow. They are built just before a drive so that two days later they must be built over again. There is no money in building dugouts and a damned rotten business but they are worth a million dollars when you need 'em. One can catch hell and pneumonia in any dugout. You catch the former first and the latter afterwards. Here's hoping we've seen the last of the dugouts.

"FLANDERS REVUE" Thirty-Seventh Division Show



"The Flanders Revue"

With the ending of the war on November 11, it became necessary for someone to do something to amuse the Ohio lads and keep their minds off the first boat that left for America and so a "morale" raiser was started and the 37th Division Theatrical company waltzed across the stage. In the cast there were "stars" who gave up starring to handle a machine gun or a rifle. The show opened with a regular Kentucky Minstrel and the curtain went down on the last act over a burlesque performance that would make any of the old timers jealous.

Colonel Lewis Brechmin, Division Surgeon, was the genius who piloted the show over its first trip and Lieutenant Arthur C. McArthur, was the central figure around which the performances were built. The first performance was given at Wormhoudt, Belgium, in a tiny theater which had previously been used by the British. It played to a full house (in the common sense of the word) and has continued to play before the same style of houses.

The theatrical troupe has had to depend almost entirely upon its own wit to pull the laughs across, for theatrical communication with the states and Flo Ziegfield has been delayed in transmission, as per usual. The two end-men, William Murphy and Grant A. Martin, both veterans of the footlights, succeeded in raising the morale of the Buckeye men until their heads throbbed like hot thermometers. Private Don Palmer, he whose tricky pen illustrated this volume of spasmodic pain, honored the men with a cartoon stunt—all his own.

Sergeants Charles Muscroft and Charles McClure, from Zinzinnati (Vas you ever there?) raised Cain with the ivories and harmony in general. Private Frank V. Strasser, female impersonator was so realistic that all the men in the Buckeye Division fell in love with him at first sight. Private James B. Shaffer, a dancer, twisted his way across the stage. Private Hoglan and Polen, presented an act of negro and white that had the soldier audience convulsed with laughter.

On the night of January 28, 1919, General John J. Pershing, Commander in Chief of the Expeditionary Forces, occupied a box at a performance given by the Buckeye actors. He forgot about the war and even the Peace conference during the two hours that followed and upon leaving said the 37th Division Theatrical Company was the best on the A. E. F. Circuit.

The following is a model program as presented in Alencon, France.

"FLANDERS—REVUE."

(Ohio's 37th Division on Another Front.)

The Big Barrage Minstrel.

Private Harlem Hoglan, *Interlocutor*.
Private William Murphy, End Man.
Private Grant A. Martin, End Man.
Sergeant Kennerdell E. George, Chorus.
Sergeant Will Senhauser, Chorus.
Sergeant Christy A. Metzger, Chorus.

Corporal Ray J. Covert, Chorus.
Corporal Michael Mellody, Chorus.
Private Frank D. Cortright, Chorus.
Private Frank D. Murray, Chorus.
Private Earl Bean, Chorus.
Private George A. Gillaum, Chorus.

Private Don Palmer, Rapid Fire Cartoonist.

Sanitary Train Octette.—A Volley of Harmony.

Sgts. William A. Senhauser, Christy W. Metzger, Corp. Ray. J. Covert, Pvts. Lawrence W. Morrison, Frank D. Cortright, Frank D. Murray, George A. Gillaum, Earl D. Bean, Charles Kennedy.

Privates Hoglan and Polen—In Civilian and Black.

Private James B. Shaffer—Who dances with Vim.

Sergeants Muscroft and McClure—Character Singers.

The Burlesque.

(A Burlesque on *BurleyQ*)

Introducing Privates Wm. Murphy and Grant Martin, Comedians.

Private Frank V. Strasser, Female Impersonator.

Chorus Girls.

Sgt. John J. Bowling,
Sgt. Kennerdell E. George,
Corp. Michael Mellody,
Corp. Ray. J. Covery,

Corp. Ezra K. Creese,
Pvt. Frank D. Murray,
Pvt. George A. Gillaum,
Pvt. James C. Kennedy.



“KAMERAD!!!”
“KAMERAD, HELL!”

Hints to the Soldier

Before getting your discharge papers read all of Guy Empey's works and study them carefully because he thought up better stories than you can and was paid for it. You may use some of his stories when you tell the folks about it. Warn all your friends who may visit you to agree with everything you say. Failure to do this will make you out a liar sometime during the next half century. Wear your hobnails to the first dance. They will attract attention to you. Tell the folks what the S. O. S. was, but guard your words carefully. You may be S. O. L. if you don't. Spring some French on the girls. Tell them they are "toot sweet." They won't know what you are talking about and will believe it is something Frenchy. When anyone asks, "Were you there?" always say you were. Be careful, however, that they were not there before you were.

Forget about "cooties." Whenever you squirm blame it on shell shock. If you have'n't a wound stripe explain that you were wounded but didn't wish to leave the army flat on it's back so you stuck to the front. You refused to go to a hospital and so didn't get the stripe. If they ask to see the wound evade the request skilfully by saying, "Modesty is the best policy."

Don't line up before the breakfast table. It isn't civil etiquette. Mother is the mess sergeant and she doesn't swear or smoke cigarettes when dishing out the coffee. By all means break yourself of the habit of bathing once a month. It isn't tolerated any place but the army. If you intend to travel do not let the freight car habit grow on you. It may lead to your arrest. Never carry hard tack or crackers around in your pocket. Break yourself of the walking habit. It is cheaper to ride than buy shoe leather. Dress up on Decoration day and "kid" the wise guys who are sorry they didn't get over and into the thick of it. They didn't have the same opportunity as you for they closed the recruiting stations too soon.

Do not tell anyone that they were yellow. There are too many better words to use. Always remember that day when the Germans nearly got you and when some of your "buddies" didn't get back and refuse to buy anything coming from Germany. Teach your children and their children the same creed. Hate Germans no matter if you did lick them. Remember you must buy postage stamps and buy your breeches. Don't throw your "woolens" away as you did, to watch them crawl.

When the vaudeville act comes on with blaring of trumpets and plays taps, reveille, pay call, etc., etc., tell everyone around you, in a loud voice, what they are playing. By doing this you will make yourself popular. Don't talk to the city police like you did to the M. P., they may call a patrol wagon.

Ambulance Companies

Ohio gave four ambulance companies to the War Department and to the 37th Division and from the minute these organizations drove into the Baccarat Sector until the last of the wounded were carried away on November 11, 1918, the men were working under shell fire. The duties of the men in the ambulance section kept them busy night and day. It was no easy task to drive an ambulance over a bad road, full of bumps and holes, especially when the German artillery was dropping shrapnel and gas at the cross-roads ahead and all around the landscape.

Up ahead the Infantry and Machine Gunners were fighting, were suffering and dying. They needed medical attention and regardless of their own danger the ambulance sections drove forward into the very front lines and brought the injured back to the dressing stations and from there to the evacuation hospitals. There are many men in the 37th Division who owe their lives to the prompt and fearless work of the Ambulance Sections.

Where roads were too muddy horse drawn vehicles were used. The sight of the Red Cross on the ambulances and the litter bearers hurrying forward put new hope and life into those men who were suffering from wounds. In the first drive in Belgium the advance station, for the ambulance companies, was under shell fire almost continuously.

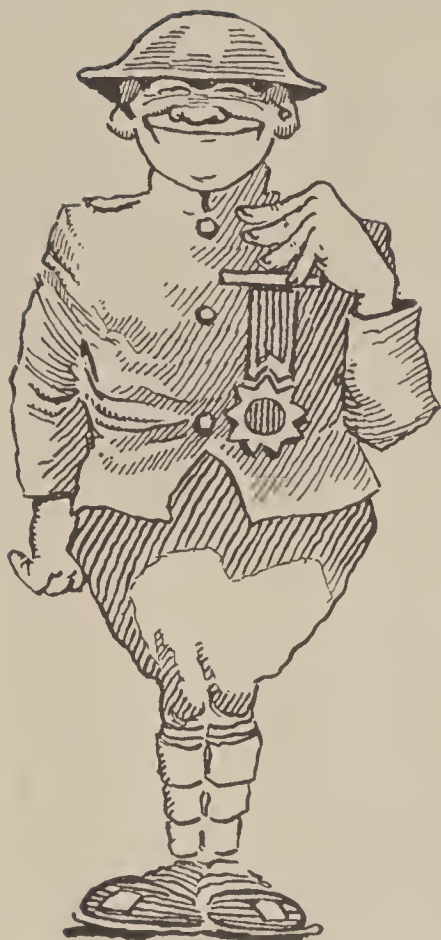
These organizations are formed almost entirely of men from Ohio, and one finds many college and high school boys among the enlisted personnel. And, too, there are hospitals in the states whose internes are now serving in these units.

The four ambulance companies were under the command of Major William Dale. Officers in direct charge of companies are Captain R. C. Gill, 145th; Captain H. E. Boucher 146th; Captain Charles Maertz, 147th, and Captain H. J. Gordon of the 148th.

TRYING TO GET A SOFT BED



War Crosses



DISTINGUISHED SERVICE CROSS

Colonel F. W. Galbraith, Jr., 147th Infantry.
 Sergeant Byron Hamilton, 145th Infantry.
 Corporal George Hadnett, 145th Infantry.
 Pvt. 1 cl. John A. Doll, 145th Infantry (deceased).
 Private Pasquale Digiacomio, 145th Infantry.
 Sergeant Percy S. Blond, 146th Infantry.
 Corporal Vincent C. Porter, 146th Infantry.
 Lieutenant Philip R. Colebank, 147th Infantry (deceased).
 Sergeant Morris Oamodt, 148th Infantry.
 Mechanic Floyd A. Hughes, 146th Infantry.
 Sergeant Paul A. Smithisler, 112th Engineers.
 Sergeant Herbert W. Flesher, 112th Engineers.
 Private Walter Mack, 135th Machine Gun Battalion.
 Private John Warman, 135th Machine Gun Battalion.
 Sergeant Louis Hechtel, 146th Infantry.
 Captain Victor Heintz, 147th Infantry.
 Lieut. Col. Timothy Moynahan, 146th Infantry.
 Lieut. Francis X. Schumacher, 148th Infantry.
 Private Wilk Gunckle, 148th Infantry.
 Private Clifford C. Loucks, 112th Engineers.
 Private Joseph T. Atkinson, 112th Engineers.

BELGIAN WAR CROSSES AWARDED BY KING ALBERT.

Division Headquarters.

Colonel Dana T. Merrill, Chief of Staff.
 Colonel W. H. Sage, Jr., Division Engineers.
 Lt. Col. Herbert J. Twelvetree, Asst. Chief of Staff, G-1.
 Major Sumner Waite, Asst. Chief of Staff, G-3.
 Major Charles Chambers, Division Machine Gun Officer.
 Lt. Col. Byron Bargar, Division Inspector.
 Colonel Louis Brechmin, Division Surgeon.
 Lt. Col. Otto Miller, Division Ordnance Officer.
 Lt. Col. Chalmers R. Wilson, Division Signal Officer.
 Brig. General William Fassett, 73rd Brigade.
 Brig. General William Jackson, 74th Brigade.
 John F. Herget, Division Chaplain.
 Lieut. Frazer Clark.
 Captain Howard Fenker.
 Regtl. Sgt. Major Clark Lechliter.
 Field Clerk Willard Smith.
 Sgt. Major Harold Haas.
 Sgt. Harold Kennard.
 Bn. Sgt. Major Gerald Malone.
 Colonel James N. Pickering, 146th Infantry.
 Colonel Frank Gerlach, 145th Infantry.
 Lieut. Ralph Jones, 73rd Brigade.
 Major Harry Hazlett, 135th Machine Gun.
 Colonel F. W. Galbraith, 147th Infantry.
 Colonel G. W. Stewart, 148th Infantry.

145th Infantry.

Marshall Whaley,	Peter Homick,
Elmer Schultz,	Frank Webb,
Henry Edwards,	Lawrence Amos,
Edward Schnieder,	Francis Gregory,
Rafford Pease,	Joseph Stout,
Walter Meyers,	Charles Casey.

War Crosses

146th Infantry.

George Strick,	George Meyers,
Charles Ustine,	Donald Ealy,
Justin McElroy,	Glen Byers,
Charles Murphy,	Claire Huff,
John Porosky,	Charles Richardson,
Jesse Weitloff,	Frank Bakes,
Harry Higgins,	Henry Oster,
Edwin Brophy,	Caciale Donato,
Noah Wagner,	Aaron Funk,
Chester Phillips,	Elmer Jefferies,

135th Machine Gun Battalion.

Earle Williams,	Carl Lovett,
Robert Shuggart,	Norman Ervin,
Merrill Ellis,	Allan Surles,
John Crawley,	John Frisk,
Richard Burgdord,	Verne Ramuz,
Orson Abbey,	Thomas McCormick,
Floyd Cornell,	

147th Infantry.

Fred Buehler,	Lieut. John W. Renner (killed in action).
George Sagar,	Edward Flinn,
Isadore Dube,	Delbert Pauchot,
Earl McCreary,	Howard Ellis,
Harry Lowry,	George Bundshuh,
Edward Kurtz,	Richard Warrenner,
Howard Zimmer,	John L. Clark,
Howard Bruegger,	Glen Winslow,
William Nelson,	Russell Dierks,
John Saville,	Leo H. Shaw,
Leo Knaggs,	Charles Taylor,
Edward Johnsick,	

148th Infantry.

Edward Kennedy,	Benjamin Highsmith
Carl Schrader,	Edwin DUYEA,
Rodney Cullen,	Roy Kearns,
Roy Starline,	Wilk Gunckle,
Robert Johnson,	Morris Oamodt.
Herbert McNally,	Arthur Schmidt,
Albert Steevan,	Ottie Case,
Foster Morgan,	Carl Keasler,
George Wilson,	Francis Schumaker,
	John W. Maxwell.

136th Machine Gun Battalion.

K. T. Siddall,	Fred Stark,
Harry Rodgers,	Oscar Hanson,
Clyde Rew,	George Kovacevich.

112th Engineers.

Price Johnson,	Forrest Sterrett,
Norman Hartley,	Donald Pancoast,
John Marti,	William Tomanek,
Harry Pierce,	Nathan Jones,
Harold Roth,	Harry Churchill.

112th Sanitary Train.

Harry Snively,	Lawrence McGinnis,
Morse Osborn,	Guy Giffan,
Leroy Bradford,	James Rae,
Fred Eyestone,	Samuel Hicks,
Robert Garvin,	

112th Field Signal Battalion.

Paul Meek,	Herbert Morgan,
Robert Fisher,	Kenneth Sherwood,
Floyd Baker,	Ray Burrill,
Homer Wells,	Elde Carrier,
William Anderson,	Chauncey Hollinghead,
	Erenst C. Mourer.

A YANKEE DOUGH BOY SWOOPS DOWN ON A GERMAN MACHINE GUN NEST



Itinerary of Division

Ohio,	Recicourt,
Montgomery, Alabama,	Mountfaucou,
Camp Lee, Petersburg, Va.	Euvizin,
Washington, D. C.,	Pagney sur Meuse,
New York,	Chaumont,
Hoboken, N. J.,	Troyes,
Brest, France,	Provins,
Morlaix,	Paris,
Guingamp,	Clermont,
Brieuc,	Amiens,
Rennes,	Abbeville,
Laval,	Boulogne,
Le Mans,	Calais,
Tours,	Dunkirk, Belgium,
Bourges,	Bergues,
Nevers,	St. Jean,
Beaune,	Ypres,
Dijon,	Audenarde,
Bourmont,	Deynze,
Neufchateau,	Cruyshautem,
Toul,	Hoondschoot,
Nancy,	Wormhoudt, France,
Luneville,	Rouen,
Baccarat,	Evreux,
Commercy,	Laigle,
Bar-le-duc,	Alencon.

Last Days of War

Like hornets the men of the Buckeye State went forward in two drives in Belgium, stinging, harassing and striking the Hun again and again, forcing retreat in every instance. The second drive began on the morning of November 10th. In the village of Synghem, on the banks of the Escaut (Scheldt), the Infantry and Machine Gun battalions were massed for the attack. Dawn found them crossing the river in the very teeth of a machine gun counter-attack by the Germans. Behind them thundered the Belgian Artillery and Death sped over and on into the east.

Brigade heads were established by infantrymen and engineers who swam the icy waters and after enduring great hardships, as hard as those of Valley Forge, the bridges were anchored. Across them trotted the "dough-boys" and the Boche fell back to new positions. Funk holes or "fox" holes were built on the crest of the hill just beyond the river, a bare kilometer from the town of Synghem, and the men rested through the night.

On the morning of November 11, peace rumours filled the air. There was no direct communication with the front line and the men were scheduled to go "Over the Top" again at 10 o'clock. In the rear at Chateau De Huyssee an airplane circled and a cylinder carrying a message plunged through the air and into the soft earth. Radio sparks gleaned the message through the air. The war was to cease at 11 o'clock. Hostilities were to end. No more horrors and misery.

Up in the front the men were preparing to advance again. Cartridges were counted and machine guns oiled. All was in readiness and in a calm manner, so peculiar to the Americans, the men were smoking the final cigarette before the day's work. Then an officer appeared and announced that the war was over. Holy Moses. For a minute the news stunned them. Then, like true Americans, they accepted the announcement as a matter of course and with "dough-boy" appetite opened their "Iron Rations" took a swig from their canteen, rolled another cigarette and began to wonder when they would go home. Their work was finished—and well done.

AFTER ONE OF JERRY'S SHELLS HAD
EXPLODED CLOSE BY



They Also Served

Officers and men of the Buckeye Division would have been "Out of Luck" in France and Belgium had it not been for the Y. M. C. A., the K. of C. and the Salvation Army. Cigarettes and tobacco, a necessity in the life of every soldier, were few and far between and as treasures to the men until these organizations happened around and opened canteens. There was no other place to purchase these luxuries and many an hour was passed away in blissful contentment over a "weed" or "fag" brought to the front in automobiles or by foot.

In all the drives, from the south to the north, the tired soldier found someone waiting for him. The Salvation Army lassies produced the doughnut and real American pies. France has no place in its menu for pies but the Salvation Army inserted pumpkin pies beneath the belts of the A. E. F. The K. of C., realizing the small pocketbooks of the A. E. F. gave cigarettes chocolate, cigars, towels and soap to the men.

Y. M. C. A. canteens and workers were everywhere. No one knew just how they managed to get around where the fighting was—but they were there. Cakes, candies, chewing gum and cigars were found in barns, old buildings and any place where a sales room could be established. Entertainers from Y. M. C. A. circuits put laughs in throats where sobs had been ten minutes before.

And the Red Cross, those who administered to the sick and wounded. To them belongs the greatest praise of all. They helped the sufferers who had reason to be sad. A wounded man entering a hospital found himself improving when he heard the voice of an American girl. And, as he became delirious they blended into his mother, or his sister, or his sweetheart, and they played their parts well. The 37th Division led them a merry chase, from southern Baccarat to northern Ypres, and through the mud of Flanders but they were there, every one, when the lads came back from the lines, after every drive and until the end.

HERE WE ARE: Tell Us What You Think of It.



INTRODUCING

Don Palmer, just escaping from the A. E. F. This accounts for the cartoons. Anyone in the army as long as he has been, is not responsible for anything. He draws with his left hand because he is different. While a gentleman in civil life he divided his time between drawing cartoons for newspapers and having friends behind the bars "draw" one for him. After patronizing free lunch counters until he was found out, he joined the Machine Gun Company of the 145th Infantry. During the Argonne drive, as a Division Observer, he was sent to the front to draw the enemy's fire. Between battles he became an actor with the Flanders Revue. This was more dangerous than a battle but he escaped with his life. He may marry and settle down so that future Palmer generations can go to Officers' Training Camps for the next war. The rag around his neck covers a boil. That is all that is the matter with him. The dog accompanied him during the entire time he sojourned in France. In the future and in the past you may see DON PALMER at work in the art room of THE TOLEDO TIMES. At Camp Sheridan, Alabama, he cartooned for The Sheridan Reveille.

AND

Jack Koons, who looks like the cartoon. In Cincinnati, his home grazing grounds, he was compelled to wear a mask to keep from scaring the ladies to death. The floor beneath his feet is covered with cigarette stubs, but you can't see them. He forgot how to write the day he was born and has never learned since. As a Division Observer he inhabited dugouts and bomb proof cellars along with the rest of the rats. The melancholy expression on his face is because the state went dry. He thought he would look good in a uniform and joined the old First Ohio Infantry. Because he was farsighted and wore glasses he was placed in the Observation Section. At Camp Sheridan, Alabama, he took life easy on The Sheridan Reveille, the only daily paper in the world published by soldiers. In civil life he "got by" on The Cincinnati Enquirer. He didn't get by in the army. He doesn't want to get married because if no one marries there won't be anyone to fight another war. He confesses that he never saw Paris. His hobby is Eating but not paying for it. He doesn't knit and is not a pugilist. He is a pacifist. In the future you can look for Jack Koons in the old soldier's home or the navy.

“OH BOY!”



“FINISH”

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